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On and after January 1, 1900, THE LUTE will not appear as a Magazine. Its publication in its present form will cease, though, of course, THE LUTE Anthems and Part Songs, which from the beginning formed the nucleus of and the most valuable property in THE LUTE, will be continued as heretofore. The literary supplement will be suppressed with this the 204th issue. A simple mathematical calculation will show that our paper has stemmed the tide of competition for a matter of seventeen years. In bidding our readers "Good bye," we cannot but experience some emotion. It is trusted that no one will preserve an unkind recollection of our efforts, however unworthy of the great cause which they endeavoured to promote; and that when this little Magazine, as a literary organ, has been laid to rest cause the ringing in the new year—some friends at least will lay the tribute of sympathy upon its tiny grave. This number is our "Swan Song."

MR. PERCY REEVE.

The person whose grossly flattering portrait appears on the opposite page is the eldest surviving son of Canon Reeve, of Bristol Cathedral, and Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. Mr. Reeve was born at 112 (then 12, Upper) Harley Street, in the parish of Marylebone, on December 21, in the year 1855. At a very early age he received instruction on the pianoforte from a resident governess, to whom he owes much of his enthusiasm for music, and a little later he took lessons on the violin from Mr. Watson, at that time leader of the Philharmonic Society's Orchestra. He gratefully remembers the patience of his elder sisters in their endeavours to accompany his crude efforts in the direction of violin and piano duets. Proceeding to Eton, he was placed by the then musical succentor, Dr. Hayne, under the

musical direction of Mr. Hill, to whose kindly and capable instruction was due the fact that at the age of 16 Mr. Reeve was selected to perform the violin solo at the Eton College Concert towards the close of 1871. But on the very day fixed for the concert intelligence was received that the condition of the Prince of Wales was so serious (he was suffering from typhoid fever, and his life was almost despaired of) that anything in the nature of an entertainment was out of the question. On leaving Eton Mr. Reeve spent some time in France and Germany, the idea being that he should enter the firm (founded by his maternal grandfather) of Gledstanes & Co. During his temporary absence from England Messrs. Gledstanes seized the opportunity to fail for about a million or so, and Mr. Reeve entered the London Academy of Music, where he received instruction in harmony and composition from the late Dr. Wylde. After various vicissitudes, including a pilgrimage to Ceylon, he was, in 1877, appointed by Lord Chancellor Cairns to be Clerk of Entries in the Chancery Registrars' Office, a position which he still manfully and solitarily defends. In leisure moments snatched from arduous official duties Mr. Reeve yet found time to indulge his taste for musical composition. His music to the operetta, "A Private Wire," words by Arnold Graves and Frank Desprez, ran for over nine months at the Savoy Theatre. Subsequently he was responsible for the music to "Ruddy George," a burlesque of "Ruddigore," written by the late Mr. G. F. Taylor, and performed at Toole's Theatre, and more recently his operetta, "The Crusader and the Craven" (written by W. Allison) had a lengthy hearing at the Globe Theatre. In addition he has assisted in burlesque music for the Gaiety and other theatres, besides writing incidental music for several productions.

Mr. Reeve has the honour of having been heard on a "classical" night in a selection from an Orchestral Symphony of his composition at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. He has also conducted his own work on a "popular" night at the same institution. Orchestral pieces from his pen are from time to time played by orchestras, such as the Strolling Players, and that of the Royal Marines at Plymouth. An "Aubade" written some 20 years ago by Mr. Reeve was played last month by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Ford, at Queen's Hall. A "Scena" for female voices, chorus, and orchestra, in commemoration of his father's death, was performed at St. James's

He also wrote a march entitled, "Sons of the Brave," which was performed by the Brass Band of the Duke of York's School, at the Prince's Hall, and is still to be heard on their parade ground, Chelsea. This was dedicated to the wife of the late Commandant Colonel Fitzgerald. The subject of our sketch has published voluminously for voice and piano. His works have been put forth by the firms of Joseph Williams, Chappell and Co., Ricordi, Alfred Hays, Weekes and Co., Cramer, Augener, Stanley Lucas, Pitman of Paternoster Row, Ashdowne, Metzler, and

Patey and Willis.

Mr. Reeve has also for many years been a contributor to periodical literature, having been always during the last 18 years the musical critic of a journal or two. His writings embrace a wide field, including Punch, The Topical Times, The Saturday Review, Black and White, St. Stephen's Review, The Journalist, The Morning, Literature, The Pall Mall Magazine, Judy, Fun, Tom Hood's Annual, Whitehall Review, St. Paul's, The Weekly Dispatch, The Daily Telegraph, and other papers. Having some knowledge not only of music but of the French language, he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Mr. Wyndham, who used Mr. Reeve's translation of the French lyrics in his adaptation ("Miss Decima ") of "Miss Helyett," at the Criterion

Since January 1, 1896, Mr. Reeve has been Editor en titre of The Lute, though for a year previously he had been responsible for the "Current Notes." Thus he has been connected with the paper for exactly five years. this period we are instructed to say that he has done his best. And while admitting that he may have occasionally raised a smile, he passionately disclaims any imputation of having ever set down anything common or unclean. His portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. Hayman, of Launceston,

Cornwall.

CURRENT NOTES.

Among amateur orchestral societies, one which has made notable strides since its foundation in 1891 is the "Mayfair," so called from the district in which its meetings are held, and whence the bulk of its members are drawn. The public performances already arranged for the season include a soirée d'invitation and two concerts; but in addition the Society's services are always ready at the call of charity. The list of patrons includes the Duke of Westminster and Lord Glenesk, while as President the Society has secured the Dean of Hereford; Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. J. Hamilton Clarke, Mus. Doc., and Mr. Mr. Ernest Sharpe, the prominent American W. Creser, Mus. Doc., of the Chapel Royal, bass gave a fine recital at the Salle Erard, on St. James's, are vice-presidents; Mr. E. Vicer M. With the concurrence of M.

Williams wields the bâton, and the duties of hon. sec. are undertaken by Mr. George Wolmershausen, of 24A, Half Moon Street, Mayfair, W.

A somewhat peculiar concert was given at St. Martin's Town Hall on Saturday, November 4, for the benefit of the Benevolent Fund of the Hotel Employés' Society. members of the orchestra, ably directed by Mr. Meyer van Praag, all gave their services gratuitously, and the programme was attractive enough to have drawn a much larger audience than it did, for it included many most interesting numbers. The Russian Peasant Dance 'Kukuska," by Franz Lehar, was heard for the first time in England, and the "Fantaisie Hongroise," by J. Burgmein, and the Scherzo "La Poule," by Bolzoni, have seldom if ever been played in this country before. The conductor, Mr. Meyer van Praag, contributed two talented compositions from his own pen, viz.: "Concert Overture" for full orchestra, and a delicately written and charming "Pastorale" for strings, flute and clarinet. Considerable allowance must perforce be made for want of sufficient rehearsal, a drawback which is inherent in concerts of this kind, especially when novelties are to be presented. Perhaps the greatest praise is due to the rendering of Benjamin Godard's lovely "Symphonic Ballet" in which the band played con amore. How much better to give an audience this captivating and delicious piece instead of pegging away as they do at the Richter Concerts at the same old Wagnerian Excerpts and Beethoven Symphonies? The programme was annotated with, here and there, some somewhat naif remarks, as when, for instance, M. Godard was described as being among French composers of the second rank! Though the Commentator was good enough to admit that in this category he (Godard) will "always hold an honourable place," we almost fear that the writer was a German gentleman. Now the Germans cannot, of course, be expected to appreciate French music, because they judge it from their German standpoint. The nearer the latter is approached the better is the music in the Teutonic view. But, of course, Godard is the direct opposite of Germanic music, and so he must take a second place with Germans.

LET us be thankful that Godard was French, and thus original, daring, inspired, and delicious, because belonging to the French School, the only school in Europe beside the Russian, which shows either progressiveness or, indeed, any particular vitality.

This is our Swan Song.

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Emile Sauret. As on former occasions the distinguished vocalist did not forget to include in his programme selections from the compositions of his compatriots. "Break, break, break," by T. P. Ryder, is an elegant arrangement of Tennyson's words, but Mr. Dudley Buck's setting of "Crossing the Bar" is not to be compared with that by the late Alfred Cellier.

THE third Ballad Concert of the current season (the St. James's Hall series) took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 15, when the proceedings were enlivened by Mr. Ivan Caryll's orchestra, which discoursed good, if light music, between the songs and solos. We are not prone to take an optimistic view of ballad concerts as a rule; they were, at least in the good old days, merely vehicles for the advertisement of the vocal publications put forth by the firms which gave the concerts. But Mr. William Boosey (of Chappell and Co.) has seen that it is now necessary to march with the times. He has recognised that the old racket of the Royalty song crammed, nolens volens, down the public throat, is exploded. Accordingly out of 23 numbers no less than 11 were purely instrumental, and not the least charming of these were the orchestral works contributed by Mr. Caryll's band. His new waltz, "Plaisir d'amour," is an elegant composition, and while primarily designed for the ball room, it was eminently acceptable as the introduction to the second part of a ballad concert. Exquisitely scored and brimful of careful contrivance, we took fully as much pleasure in this number as in the singing of two such perfect artists as Madame Ella Russell and Miss Alice Gomez.

MR. CARVLL's orchestra also supplied fine interpretations of the Suite "Coppélia" (Délibes) and an "Air de Dance Varié" (Gaston Salvayre)—the last for the first time in England; the complete ensemble and delicate expression evinced by the band proved the value of continuous rehearsals by the same body of instrumentalists. Royal or Ducal people who desire good music should, of course, employ Mr. Caryll's band in future; for, with the exception of Mr. Manns's Crystal Palace Orchestra there is no other organization in or about London which is at all capable of producing the same admirable results.

We must here say a word in favour of Mr. Maurice Farkoa, a gentleman whose choice of English songs has by no means always met with our approval. On this occasion, however, in a French ballad, "Les trois ages d'amour," he proved himself to be a vocalist of the nicest feeling, and it was obvious that in a language with which he is familiar, and so to speak to the manner born, he can display the most delicate taste and sing almost perfectly with

his very sympathetic and cultivated voice. It must have been purely owing to his slight acquaintance with the English language that he could have ever undertaken, as he did, terrific British songs, the words of which he endeavoured to embellish with pathetic naïveté. If Mr. Farkoa would stick to French songs, of which he has doubtless a large répertoire, there would be no sweeter singer in London.

THE first smoking concert for the season of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, took place in Queen's Hall, on the evening of November 15, when the Vice-President, Lord Pembroke, took the chair. A delightful programme was conducted by Mr. Ernest Ford, and included the suite "Korigane" (Widor), Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," a charming "Maypole Dance" by Mr. John Crook, and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. Mr. Samuel Masters and Miss Kirkby Lunn were the vocalists, and Miss Maud Powell played some wonderful solos on the violin. She narrowly escapes being a first class artist.

A CORRESPONDENT who has witnessed a performance in Brussels of "Cendrillon," M. Massenet's latest work, sends us some details of the production. Although described in the programme-book as a "Conte de Fées" it is in reality an opera, not even, technically, a comic opera, for there is absolutely no spoken dialogue whatever, the music being continuous throughout. The libretto by M. Henri Cain is singularly ingenious, and while adhering to the old story of "Cinderella" the author has eliminated the broad humours which we are accustomed to associate with pantomime, and by dating the action in the reign of Louis XIII. he has imparted an idyllic flavour to the timeworn tale. Cinderella is not the real sister of her two elder sisters (who are in M. Cain's version neither old nor ugly) she is their stepsister, being the child of a widower who has married a widow already provided with two daughters. Cinderella is also adored by her hen-pecked father, though he hardly dares to betray his affection in his wife's presence.

The plot is embellished by some fairy scenes and fairy music which in the second tableau of the third act are especially charming. Here M. Massenet excels. But the main body of the opera does not show that spontaneity which characterised his earlier writings. There is an irresistible suggestion of laboured work, and the piece is distinguished by the kind of excellence which is the result of experience rather than inspiration. There is a strange predominance of female voices among the principal characters. Cinderella, her stepsisters, her step-mother, the fairy, six subordinate fairies, and the Prince Charming are all impersonated by ladies. Cinderella's father (baritone) is thus the only male among

the chief personages. Never before, perhaps, was the operatic tenor so much missed. There is a want of reality about love duets sang on the stage between two women. One other word of praise must be accorded to the verse of the libretto. It is polished and delightful. It is nice reading quite independently of the music.

WE were, on Sunday, the 26th November, at the Crystal Palace, where in spite of some opposition Concerts are given every Sunday. Mr. Manns conducted a programme of light but generally good music, and the proceedings were evidently designed to conciliate the suffrages of those who are sticklers for sacred music at Sunday Concerts. Nearly all the songs were of a quasi religious character, Gounod's "Gallia" and "There is a Green Hill far away" being sung by Miss Rosa Green and Mr. Andrew Black, respectively. Some devotional words were also adapted to Braga's popular "Serenata" with violin obligato (Mr. A. K. Belinski). This number was encored and repeated. Organ solos and selections by the band made up a good afternoon's entertainment, and not the least agreeable of the instrumental items were two clever arrangements by M. E. Guiraud, for orchestra of "Songs without Words" (Mendelssohn), described on the programme as "Spring Song and "Spinning Song." The first of these is the familiar air in A major with the "grace" notes which make an excellent effect when played on the harp, and the second is often called "The Bees' Wedding," its quick movement in C major and six-eight time being fully as suggestive to some minds of buzzing as of spinning.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE has been engaged to deliver a series of three lectures on the subject of voice production in the United The lectures will be illustrated by vocal examples, some of which will be supplied by Mr. Shakespeare himself. It is to be hoped that a man who can speak with so much authority will meet with the appreciation he deserves, and that his remarks will have a permanent value in a country where voiceproduction proper leaves much to be desired. Mr. Shakespeare is one of the most modest men. A singer of extraordinary grace, because an adept in the management of the voice, he is also a brilliant pianist, and a composer of ripe experience and genuine inspiration. To the rising generation it may perhaps be news that he played the solo part in a pianoforte concerto of his own composition at least once at a Crystal Palace Saturday Concert.

On the 17th of November the town of Parma celebrated the 60th anniversary of the produc-tion of "Overto, Conte di San Bonifacio,"

the veteran composer replied, expressing his thanks to all those who took part in com-memorating this, his "first musical offence."

MR. JOSEPH BENNETT writes in The Daily Telegraph: "It is understood that Mr. Edward Elgar and Mr. Coleridge-Taylor have accepted commissions from the Birmingham Festival Committee to prepare new works. Let us hope that these composers will not yield unduly to temptation, and over-reach themselves. The inducements are many and great, but beyond a certain point no creative musician can go without risk to both health and reputation."

WE confess that this paragraph is beyond our small comprehension. Why, because Messrs. Elgar and Coleridge-Taylor have accepted commissions for a festival they should be deemed to run any risk of yielding to temptation (what temptation?) and of overreaching themselves (how?) we are quite unable to guess. The concluding sentence of the paragraph just quoted is equally cryptic. We had always thought that there was no limit to the lengths to which progressive artists could go, and though no creative musician may be able to go beyond a certain point without grieving Mr. Joseph Bennett, we had yet to learn that such audacity was liable to imperil either health or reputation. M. Bruneau must have long ago over-run Mr. Bennett's "certain point," but the health and reputation of the composer of "Le Rêve" were both unimpaired as we went to press.

MR. BUSONI, the distinguished pianist, considers that "English music seems to be in a condition of flourishing development, and that, therefore, important results can be expected in the near future. The interviewer (of The Musical Standard) omitted to report with what satisfaction I related that the 'Scandinavian' Symphony of Cowen was received with enthusiasm when Dr. Richter brought it to Vienna, and that it was produced in over thirty continental cities during one season. Finally, I look up with true reverence to England's musical genius, Henry Purcell, and venture to presume that English music would, perhaps, have developed more rapidly and more independently on the basis of Purcell's work if Handel had not intervened."

This is really very kind of Mr. Busoni, and Mr. Cowen and the shade of Purcell will doubtless feel gratified by the favourable opinion of the distinguished pianist. (All pianists who have given concerts in England are distinguished.) What he says as to the intervention of Handel is very likely true. But Verdi's earliest opera. In answer to a telegram | it is doubly and trebly true of the intervention of Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn as a composer was in his day a delightful and in some respects a progressive musician. But his unintentional effect upon English music has proved disastrous. The compositions of all Academy students are to this day either Mendelssohn and water, or Mendelssohn and poison. This result has been further contributed to by the absurd prominence given in this country to German music generally.

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And, of course, German music is to day, and has practically been for some years, as effete as Italian music — we sincerely hope Mr. Busoni is not an Italian—though, of course, in different ways. German music is effete because all its worthiest exponents are underground—unless cremated. That Germans should at present arrogate to themselves a musical position in Europe is merely a gigantic blague, and on a par with their customary and naif complacency when speaking their broken English. A German who has been here for six months will actually believe that he speaks English like an Englishman. A Frenchman or even an Italian will always prefer to talk in his own language even after residing in our midst for years.

We have been morally bullied by the Germans for a long time in this matter of music. It is time that they took their proper place. Wagner, like Shakespeare, belongs to the world at large, and a compatriot of the one has no more title to pose as a musician than a compatriot of the other has to pose as a poet. Yet so ingrained has the German manner become in British compositions that we seem incapable of shaking off the paralysing influence. So much so that when anything particularly charming appears, as, for instance, in the works of Frederick Clay, Goring Thomas, Alfred Cellier, or Edward Solomon, our pundits gravely inform us that the piece in question is "very French," meaning to imply thereby a rebuke, rather than the highest compliment that their limited vocabulary could furnish.

When we hear the works of Massenet, of Benjamin Godard, of Camille Saint-Saëns, of Alfred Bruneau, of Vincent D'Indy, of Délibes, of Charles Gounod, and of Bizet, and reflect that not one of these is properly appreciated in this country, we are not inclined to underestimate the mischief done to English perceptions of the beautifulin music by the pretentious, the turgid, and the unspeakably tedious Modern German School.

This is our Swan Song.

MISS EDITH TURNER.

MISS EDITH TURNER, whose portrait does not do her complete justice, is a young lady vocalist who would appear to have a fine future before her. This is only her second season on the public platform, but she is making such rapid progress in her profession that she is safe to be ranked among the most prominent singers in a very short time. She has been trained entirely by Mr. Turle Lee, a professor who is not only an experienced teacher, but also a musician of the most thorough description. Thus pari passu with instruction in the best way to produce the voice, Miss Turner has imbibed sound ideas with regard to pure music, and she already shows a nice discrimination in the selection of her songs, which many more widely popular vocalists would do well to emulate. Her voice is one of excellent quality and commands an extended range. Her phrasing is phenomenally good, and her enunciation is refreshingly distinct. She has a comprehen-sive knowledge of Oratorio and Cantata, in both of which she particularly shines. In addition, she is an actress of conspicuous merit, and as the possessor of a fine "stage presence" she has it in her power to challenge criticism upon the operatic stage.

THE ROSE OF PERSIA.

This new comic opera, written by Captain Basil Hood and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, marks a new departure at the Savoy Theatre. Our first surprise is that Captain Hood, an officer and gentleman who has ere this written several more or less musical pieces—e.g., "The French Maid"—should have been able to step so completely into the shoes recently occupied by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Many people have tried to write "books" for Savoy opera, and while they may have met with pecuniary success, they have never so nearly approached the polished excellence of Mr. Gilbert as has Captain Hood in "The Rose of Persia." The libretto is very carefully written: it is entirely devoid of anything approaching vulgarity: it is the work of a nicely thinking person. In addition, it is brimful of subtle wit; it abounds in pleasant verbal surprises; and, best of all, it is replete with lyrics which, while eminently sensible and grammatical, are also most cleverly rhymed, perhaps more elaborately than any verse hitherto furnished for musical treatment.

If a fault is to be found, it may be said that the first act is too long. On the first night this section occupied over one hour and a-half in performance. But it is only fair to add that almost every number was encored by a friendly, not to say enthusiastic audience. The denoment is reached in ingenious fashion, and

Captain Hood may be congratulated on the best work he has ever done. So excellent are his lines, indeed, that one could not help feeling at times that Sir Arthur Sullivan had not done them complete justice. Occasionally the composer seemed too slow; he appeared not to realise the full value of the nimble numbers. But on the whole, "The Rose of Persia" is an opera of which even Sir Arthur Sullivan may well feel proud. The musician shines here in an extraordinary manner. The Oriental music is suggested and maintained in a perfectly masterly style, and though one cannot point to any especial vocal solos as being irresistibly striking, there are such delightful moments that no one can ever feel otherwise than thankful for having been privileged to hear "The Rose of Persia." To our mind the most absolutely artistic and ingenious number in the entire work is the dance and chorus in Act I., where Hassan the Eccentric dances with "Honey-of-Life." Here two distinct notes are continuously reiterated on two "tom-toms," and around these persistent "seconds" Sir Arthur has embroidered a masterpiece of imaginative orchestration, which cannot but fill the musician with admiration and delight. We long to hear this dance

As regards the singers, there was only one in the cast which represented the early tradi-tions of the Savoy Theatre. This was Miss Rosina Brandram, who, as Hassan's first wife, had no particularly good song to sing, and in fact had but a poor part to play. Mr. Walter Passmore, who now occupies the place at this house formerly held by Mr. George Grossmith, was better than usual as the Eccentric Hassan: he has become more Savoy-like and less pantomimic. Mr. Robert Evett as Yussuf, a professional Story-Teller, was excellent, and sang his music with a most agreeable tenor voice. The rest of the company were adequate, though they did not appear to number a dancer among them, unless we except Mr. Passmore, who was not given much scope. Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, an American, we believe, had several songs, and she seemed to rely on very high head notes, which after a while became tiresome. Mr. Robert Evett was the best, perhaps the only, first-class singer in the entertainment. The piece was a pronounced success, and everybody concerned, including Mr. D'Oyly Carte, was called before the curtain and loudly cheered at the conclusion of the performance.

CHOPIN.

On October 17, 1849—just fifty years ago—there passed away one of the greatest composers of pianoforte music the world has ever seen, François Frederic Chopin. Chopin was born in the year 1809 according to some

biographers, but in the year 1810 according to others. Thus a Musical Dictionary which is usually considered a safe authority, gives the earlier date, whereas it has been inscribed on his tombstone that he was born on the later. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that he died in the year 1849, and consequently musicians are just now engaged in doing homage to his memory. He was a native of Poland, and it was in that country that he received his early musical training. He was a man of culture and refinement, and in his early days associated much with the young nobility of his native land. Being imbued with feelings of the highest patriotism, he felt genuine sorrow at the unhappy condition of his country, and this is indeed evidently portrayed in certain of his compositions, and more particularly in some of his Polonaises. He is represented by some biographers as having been a very unhappy man, dragging out a miserable existence and dying a melancholy death, at a comparatively early age. But such seems to have been really not the case. Indeed, as a young man he was of a cheerful disposition and ready for all kinds of fun and frolic. We mention this as we believe that far too much has been said about Chopin's unhappiness, which we are even told may be found reflected in his works. The truth is, that like other people he was sometimes sad and sometimes gay, and it would not be a difficult matter to mention several of his works which could not be described as being in the least degree tinged with melancholy. He is depicted as having been a man of extraordinarily attractive features and general appearance. Indeed, Madame George Sand speaks of him in the days of his early manhood, as being "gentle, sensitive, and very lovely!!" She omits to mention, however, whether this "loveliness" was enhanced by the presence of long and flowing locks of hair. We are informed that Chopin finally left Poland after the revolution of 1830, intending to visit England. The visit to our country was deferred, and instead of coming here he took up his residence in Paris. He also visited Vienna, Dresden, and other Continental towns; but apart from this and a winter visit to the Island of Majorca, he does not appear to have been a great traveller. As a pianist Chopin was without doubt a finished artist of the very first order, and yet his playing does not appear to have invariably produced any great effect upon large audiences. He once remarked to Liszt that he was "unsuited for concert giving." The truth is that his performances were rather distinguished by delicacy and most finished refinement, than by the noise and storm to which the larger public was then accustomed, and we must also remember that his music was not at that time generally understood, differing totally both in design and character alike from the recognised style of

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of the older classic writers and the prevailing fashions. But though to some extent unappreciated by the larger public, there is not the smallest room for doubt that he was admired and appreciated to the full by the foremost musicians of his day, and especially by the great pianist, Liszt. He visited London shortly before his death, and was presented to the Queen by the Duchess of Sutherland. On the occasion of this visit he played twice in public and also at many private performances. It may indeed be said of Chopin that he lived a life of complete absorption in his art, and even at the hour of death his request was for music. The instrument at which he had "breathed out" some of his happiest inspirations having been brought into the chamber of death and "A Hymn to the Virgin" having been sung with all the religious fervour and deep pathos that the occasion must have called forth, "How beautiful!" exclaimed the dying man, " Again ! again!" His grave is in the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise between those of Cherubini and Bellini. It is not too much to say of his wonderful compositions that they are absolutely original, and that we may search through the works of any composers (even the greatest) without finding anything approaching them in the smallest degree. Much has been written of Chopin's life which we feel constrained to take cum grano; and much has been written of his works which must be dismissed with contempt. No! to learn of the life-the hidden artistic life of this great artist—we must go to his music; and in this we shall hear him speaking to us himself, and telling us of those things that belong alone to the lives of those to whom it is given to produce undying works.

MORALS FOR MUSICIANS.

No. 34.—ALWAYS BE A LADY.

A MUSICAL CRITIC who, in the impartial exercise of his high calling, had felt it his duty to speak in comparatively uncomplimentary terms of a prominent lady vocalist, was one day seated before his fire. The day was notable, because he ordinarily had no fire before which to sit. It was also notable as the day on which he received a visit from a distinguished prima donna. A "double event," in fact.

On the appearance of the lady, the musical critic courteously rose, and motioned his visitor to a chair. But she seemed in no hurry to assume a sitting posture, and, having carefully closed the door behind her, she addressed her victim thus:

"You, you, you call yourself a man, I believe? And then you write things like this "—here she punched a newspaper with her clenched fist—"about a poor woman who is trying to earn her own living!"

"I fancy I am a man," said the critic, humbly, "and we all try to earn our own living, don't we?" he continued plaintively.

"Faugh!" exclaimed the lady, "you make me positively sick; I expected to see a scoundrel but not a skunk."

" My dear Madam "-

"Don't 'dear Madam' me!"

" Allow me "-

" Allow you indeed I"

" To explain!"

"You can explain nothing. You are a coward and a cur, and if my brother were not on the Stock Exchange, and my husband in Canada, I would have you thrashed within an inch of your life."

The critic was now feeling desperately ill. Summoning up all his fortitude he made shift

to enquire:

"What is the trouble?"

"You said," replied the lady, "that, though I had a sympathetic voice and an engaging appearance, I required experience. How can you defend that? You cannot defend it, for I am 23 years of age and no other paper has ever said such a thing." Here the lady became tearful and the critic was more than ever uncomfortable. At last he said:

"Look here, don't be angry; when next you sing, write the notice yourself, and I will put it

into my paper as it stands."

"It is the least you could do," said the lady as she dried her eyes, "I will send you on Thursday an account of my concert on Wednesday next at Queen's Hall."

With that she left the room, but a moment

later she reappeared with an afterthought.
"I say," she murmured in a very different key from that which she had at first adopted, "but you will see that the grammar is all right, won't you."

"Of course," readily assented the critic; "by the way, what are you doing to-night?"

MORAL.

There are more ways of killing a cat, besides choking it with butter.

GUILD OF CHURCH MUSICIANS.

DIPLOMAS A.G.C.M., F.G.C.M.

CANDIDATES desirous of entering for the examination on January 8th should send in their names not later than December 23rd, 1800.

EDUCATIONAL BRANCH.

New Term, January 8th, 1900.

Lessons are given in all musical subjects. Special terms to the clergy and candidates for Holy Orders.

TO THE CLERGY.

Several Guildsmen are seeking appointments as organists and choirmasters. The Warden would be glad to hear from any clergyman requiring a competent man.

1900 CALENDAR.

Advertisements for new Calendar can now be received by the Warden. Special reduced terms to members.

Competitions, 1900.

A prize of the value of two guineas will be awarded to the candidate obtaining the greatest number of marks in the F.G.C.M. Diploma Examination (Organists' Section) to be held in July, 1900.

A Bronze Medal will be awarded for the best Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, and Vesper Hymn, and a Silver Medal for the best

Anthem, suitable for general use.

COUNCIL MEETING.

A Council Meeting was held at the Guild Chambers on Thursday, November 16, when the following business was transacted:—

Report of Annual Service.
 An apology from Grays.
 New members elected:

 Mrs. Harriot Horton.
 Arthur R. W. Scott.
 A. E. Palmer.
 H. C. Millington.
 Walter G. Puttick, G.T.S.C.
 John D. Hands.

James Ireland. Francis Macát Scolefield.

OUR ANNUAL SERVICE.

The Annual Service of the Church Guilds' Union took place on the evening of November 7 at Southwark Cathedral. The Rev. Canon Gore, D.D., preached an eloquent sermon, and the choir of the London Choral Gregorian Association acquitted themselves most creditably, the service being bright and hearty.

The first lesson was read by Major G. E. Wyndham Malet, Member of the Council of the C.G.U., and the second lesson by Geo. Fredk. Burr, Esq., M.S.A., Fellow and Member of the Council of the Guild of Church

Musicians.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Guildsmen, with cross and banners, formed a procession, and the service was brought to a close by the benediction of the Bishop of Southwark.

The following are the names of some of the general Guilds represented:

Guild of Church Musicians (Musical). Guild of St. Luke (Medical). Guild of the Holy Standard (Army). Guild of St. Alban. Guild of All Souls. Guild of Ascension. Guild of St. Matthew.

Guild of St. Augustine (Missionary).

Amongst our own members present were: Dr. Lewis (Warden G.C.M.), Dr. Bentley, Dr. Prior, Dr. Arnott, Mr. Fred. G. Burr, M.S.A., F.G.C.M., Lieut.-Colonel Wyon, F.G.C.M., Mr. Arthur R. W. Scott, Mr. M. Lendon-Bennett, F.G.C.M., Mr. J. H. Bennett, L.V.C.M., Mr. F. Macát Scolefield, L.V.C.M., Mr. G. Prior, Mr. W. T. Brigden, F.G.C.M., Mr. A. J. Burchatt, Mr. Cyril Smith, Mr. Richard Smith, Mr. J. Walls, Mr. J. Dawney, Mr. W. H. Rayner, &c., &c.

Music Publishing Department of the Guild.

Members wishing to have their musical compositions published by the Guild may do so under the following conditions:—

1. MSS. must be sent to the Warden (with stamps for return), when an estimate will be

given.

BIRMINGHAM.

A meeting was held at Birmingham on November 27 for the purpose of re-constituting this Branch, which was inaugurated on October 26, 1891. Valuable suggestions for the furtherance of the scheme were made by Geo. F. Bur, Esq., M.S.A., F.G.C.M., Dr. Bentley, J. Smedley Crooke, Esq., F.G.C.M., and others. Dr. Lewis, Warden, in the course of his address, considered that this Branch would soon be a centre of great activity. The Bishop of the Diocese had most kindly consented to become Honorary Patron, and with such an influential council as that proposed he, Dr. Lewis, had every hope of success for the undertaking.

THE "LUTE" COMPETITION.

The first prize for the current number's, our last, competition has been gained by

Mr. W. WILLIAMS, 162, Gleneagle Road, Streatham.

who completed the sentence thus:

The most musical people in the Musical profession are not those who are always thinking about their popularity,—the word not in Italics being the prize word.

The second prize goes to Mrs. HARRISON,

25, Lenthall Road,

Dalston, N.E.,

who supplied the word "abilities."

Ten shillings and five shillings have been forwarded to this gentleman and lady

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MISS EDITH TURNER.

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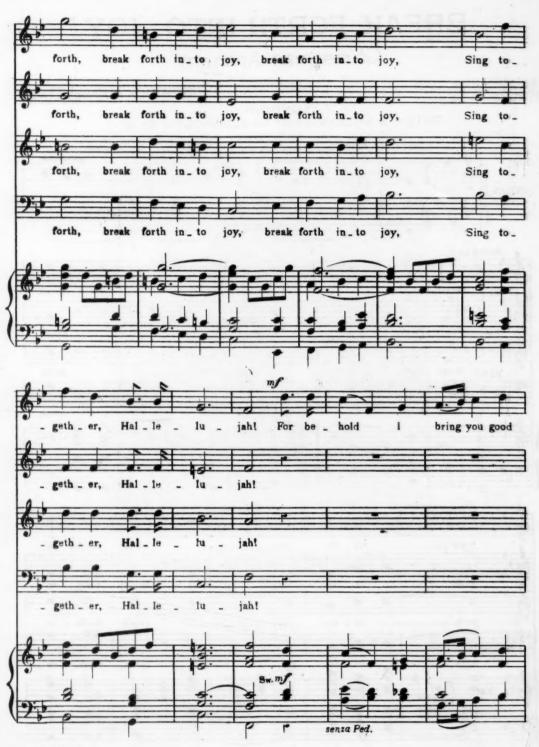
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"BREAK FORTH INTO JOY."

Christmas Anthem.

Isaiah, LII, 9. FREDERICK AUBREY OWEN. St Luke, 11, 10, 11. LONDON: PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST. W. Allegro con spirito. ORGAN. = 120. forth, forth, forth, break BASS, Break forth. forth, forth. forth joy, forth. forth. forth in joy, break forth. joy, forth.

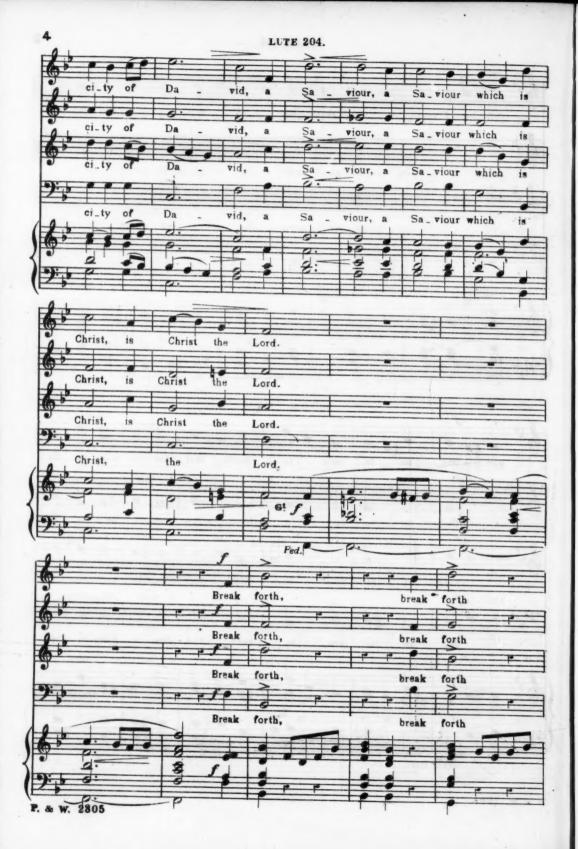
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GREAT IS OUR LORD."

Festival Anthem

FOR HARVEST OR GENERAL USE. ARTHUR PAGE, F.R.C.O.

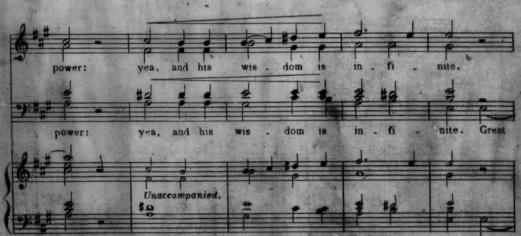
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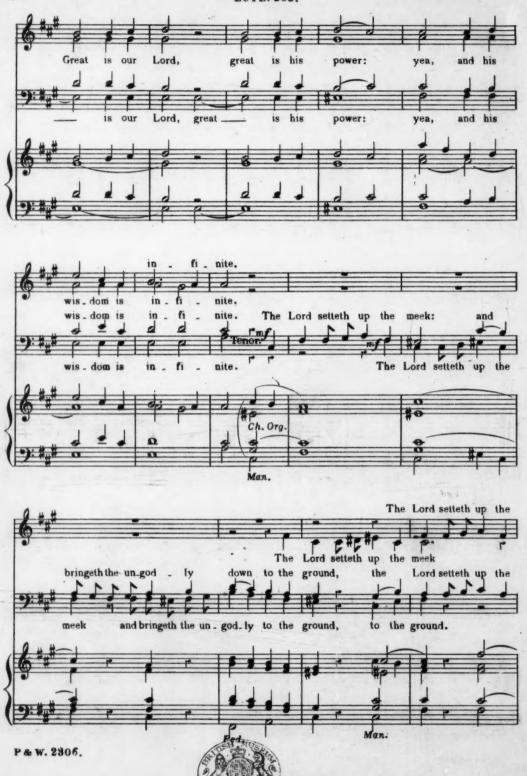






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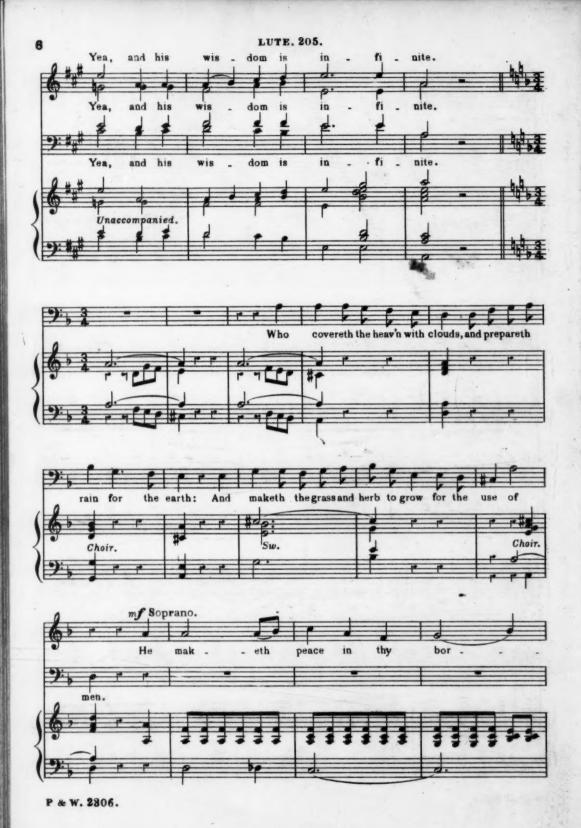






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New Songs Just Published.

"EVER AND ALWAY."

WORDS BY

Music By

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

SHIEL DAWSON.

In Four Keys, G, Bb, C, D.

I knew your name, long ere you came,
The soft wind lightly breath'd it;
I saw your face, with all its grace,
For every flower enwreath'd it.
Your voice I heard, it gently stirr'd
My dreams when I was lonely;
Our fates were set, before we met
I knew I loved you only!

And all that now I care to know Is that I live and love you so; Not for an hour, not for a day, But ever, ever and alway! I knew that you could be but true
Before you came and taught me;
For you apart I kept my heart,
Long ere your own had sought me.
Love was to be for you and me,
Your soul to mine seemed speaking;
For Fate is fate—the heart can wait
Through years and years of seeking!

And all that now I care to know Is that I live and love you so; Not for an hour, not for a day, But ever, ever and alway!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

"'NEATH SWINGING ROSES."

WORDS BY

Music By

FLORENCE HOARE.

ALBERT W. KETELBEY.

In Keys C, Eb and F.

In June, sweet June, beneath the swinging roses, We stood and talk'd, my little love and I; Her childish face was all aglow with gladness, But, Oh! my heart was sad, I knew not why. "Dear heart," I cried, "if we should part asunder, And bitter doubt your simple faith should shake, If in the after years your love should falter, Pray for me, darling, that my heart may break."

In June, sweet June, we met, and kiss'd, and parted While yet the flowers clustered overhead, Oh! love, my love, the perfume of the rose? Brings back again the tender words you said, "Sweetheart," she cried, "I should not love you truly

If I could bid you tarry for my sake,
Only if you should ever cease to love me,
Pray for me, darling, that my heart may break."

In June, sweet June, the roses bud and blossom, But they will never more be sweet to me; Oh! love, my love, I give you back your promise, For our fond dream might never, never be. One heart is broken, she is with the angels, And I am waiting patient for her sake; Oh! bitter, bitter fate that caused our parting, Oh! breaking heart that will not, cannot break.

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BEATRICE ADA GURR.

Whilst we walk in the land of sunshine,
Where the days are long and sweet,
And there's ne'er a hill too rough or high,
For our light and tripping feet;
Whilst we list to the song-birds trilling,
In the lovely land of youth,
And twine in bowers the fragrant flowers,
Of purity and truth.
O, the birds trill forth more gaily,
And life's silver waves dance high,
As you take my hand in youth's fair land,
And whisper: "You and I!"

No. 1 in C (C to E).

C. MAWSON-MARKS.

No matter how fair the world doth seem,
Or how brightly gleams the sky,
The earth will blossom in flow'rs more sweet,
At the whisper "You and I."
When we leave the land of golden days,
And the night-shades fall so drear,
O, speak to my soul as the dark clouds roll,
Tell me you still are near;
And the sunshine of the far-off years,
Will over our pathway lie,
And my heart will beat to the music sweet
Of the whisper, "You and I."

No. 2 in E flat.

THE RIVER MAIDEN'S SONG.

Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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3d:

3d.

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"The young sigh to be old; The old sigh to be young."

FRANK L. MOIR.

Long, long ago, when in the silent sky;
Softly in Heav'n the stars begin to gleam,
Two in the happy twilight You and I,
Gently we drifted down the summer stream,
And o'er the misty meadows thro' the shade,
While, as we laugh'd, we lightly pass'd along,
Homeward there came a little river-maid,
Singing upon her way, a quaint old song.

"The young sight to be old, the old sight to be young, So the story is told, love, so the ballad is sung. Song, laughter and tears, sun, shadow and haze, But a year's love is a year's love, and a day's love is a day's!"

No. 1 in E flat (B to F).

Out of our reach the sweet long years have pass'd,
Gone are their dreams, beyond our heart's recall,
Still we have lov'd and drifted first and last
Sad hours and sweet, together thro' them all,
While to our list'ning hearts, when shadows throng.

While to our list'ning hearts, when shadows throng, And as we drift along the dark'ning shore, Ever there floats that river maiden's song, Softly and clear across the fields of yore.

"The young sigh to be old, the old sigh to be young, So the story is told, dear, so the ballad is sung. Song, laughter and tears, sun, shadow or strife, Oh! some love is a year's love, but our love is for life!"

No. 2. in F.

No. 3 in G.

ONLY YOUR WORDS.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

The world rolls on, the time glides by,
The seasons change, the green leaves die,
All things around me pass away,
But not the words I heard you say,
I may forget the days of old,
The dream that turned our skies to gold,
The fatal hour that bade us part,
Your words still live within my heart.

Only your words, dear, with their unshed tears, Spoken the last sad time I met you, Only your words, remember'd all these years, Only I never can forget you. Music by FRANK TRAVERS.

The saddest heart shall find some balm, Some restful haven and grow calm, Then when the time of tears is past, Forgetfulness may come at last, But let me keep one thought alway, 'Tis all I have of you to-day, By those remembered words I know, How well I loved you long ago.

Only your words, dear, with their unshed tears, Spoken the last sad time I met you, Only your words, remember'd all these years, Only I never can forget you.

In A (D sharp to E).

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